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POINT LACE

and

DIAMONDS

by

GEORGE A. BAKER, JR.

ILLUSTRATED  
by FRANCIS DAY





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FRANCIS DAY

# POINT LACE AND DIAMONDS

*By*

*GEORGE A. BAKER, Jr.*

*AUTHOR OF "THE BAD HABITS OF GOOD SOCIETY," "WEST POINT," ETC.*

*With twelve fac-similes of water-color paintings by*

*FRANCIS DAY*

*Together with illustrations in black-and-white by  
various artists*



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PORTRAIT OF FRANCIS DAY.



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# POINT LACE AND DIAMONDS.

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AN IDYL OF THE PERIOD.

IN TWO PARTS.

## PART ONE.

"COME right in. How are you, Fred?  
Find a chair, and get a light."  
"Well, old man, recovered yet  
From the Mather's jam last night?"  
"Didn't dance. The German's old."  
" Didn't you? I had to lead—  
Awful bore! Did you go home?"  
" No. Sat out with Molly Meade.  
Jolly little girl she is—  
Said she didn't care to dance,  
'D rather sit and talk to me—  
Then she gave me such a glance!  
So, when you had cleared the room,  
And impounded all the chairs,  
Having nowhere else, we two  
Took possession of the stairs.

I was on the lower step,  
Molly, on the next above,  
Gave me her bouquet to hold,  
Asked me to undo her glove.  
Then, of course, I squeezed her hand,  
Talked about my wasted life;  
'Ah! if I could only win  
Some true woman for my wife,  
How I'd love her—work for her!  
Hand in hand through life we'd walk—  
No one ever cared for me—'  
Takes a girl—that kind of talk.  
Then, you know, I used my eyes—  
She believed me, every word—  
Said I 'mustn't talk so'—Jove!  
Such a voice you never heard.  
Gave me some symbolic flower,—  
'Had a meaning, oh, *so* sweet,'—

Don't know where it is, I'm sure;  
 Must have dropped it in the street.  
 How I spooned!—And she—ha! ha!—  
 Well, I know it wasn't right—  
 But she pitied me so much  
 That I—kissed her—pass a light."

## PART TWO.

"Molly Meade, well, I declare!  
 Who'd have thought of seeing you,  
 After what occurred last night,  
 Out here on the Avenue!  
 Oh, you awful! awful girl!  
 There, don't blush, I saw it all."  
 "Saw all what?" "Ahem! last night—  
 At the Mather's—in the hall."  
 "Oh, you horrid—where were you?  
 Wasn't he the biggest goose!  
 Most men must be caught, but he  
 Ran his own neck in the noose.  
 I was almost dead to dance,  
 I'd have done it if I could,  
 But old Grey said I must stop,  
 And I promised Ma I would.

So I looked up sweet, and said  
 That I'd rather talk to him;  
 Hope he didn't see me laugh,  
 Luckily the lights were dim.  
 My, how he *did* squeeze my hand!  
 And he looked up in my face  
 With his lovely big brown eyes—  
 Really, it's a dreadful ease.  
 'Earnest!'—I should think he was!  
 Why, I thought I'd have to laugh  
 When he kissed a flower he took,  
 Looking, oh! like such a calf.  
 I suppose he's got it now,  
 In a wine-glass on his shelves;  
 It's a mystery to me  
 Why men *will* deceive themselves.  
 'Saw him kiss me!'—Oh, you wretch;  
 Well, he begged so hard for one—  
 And I thought there'd no one know—  
 So I—let him, just for fun.  
 I know it really wasn't right  
 To trifle with his feelings, dear,  
 But men *are* such stuck-up things;  
 He'll recover—never fear."

## RETROSPECTION.

I'd wandered, for a week or more,  
 Through hills, and dells, and doleful  
 green'ry,  
 Lodging at any carnal door,  
 Sustaining life on pork, and scenery.  
 A weary scribe, I'd just let slip  
 My collar, for a short vacation,  
 And started on a walking trip,  
 That cheapest form of dissipation—

And vilest, oh! confess my pen,  
 That I, prosaic, rather hate your  
 "Ode to a Sky-lark" sort of men;  
 I really am not fond of Nature.  
 Mad longing for a decent meal  
 And decent clothing overcame me;  
 There came a blister on my heel—  
 I gave it up; and who can blame  
 me?



"I GAVE IT UP, AND WHO CAN BLAME ME?"

Then wrote my "Pulse of Nature's Heart,"  
Which I procured some little cash on,

And quickly packed me to depart  
In search of "gilded haunts" of fashion,  
Which I might puff at column rates,  
To please my host and meet my reckoning;  
"Base is the slave who"—hesitates  
When wealth and pleasure both are beckoning.

I sought; I found. Among the swells  
I had my share of small successes,  
Made languid love to languid belles  
And penn'd descriptions of their dresses.  
Ah! Millionairess Millicent,  
How fair you were! How you adored  
me!



"AH! MILLIONAIRESS MILICENT, HOW FAIR YOU WERE!"

How many tender hours we spent—  
And, oh, beloved, how you bored me!

APRIL, 1871.

Refracted by the frolic glass  
Of Fancy, play with change incessant?

JUNE, 1874.

Is not that fragmentary bit  
Of my young verse a perfect prism,  
Where worldly knowledge, pleasant wit,  
True humor, kindly cynicism,

Great Caesar! What a sweet young ass  
I must have been, when adolescent!

AUGUST, 1886.

“WHAT! GIVE UP FLIRTATION? CHANGE DIMPLES  
FOR FROWNS?”

*Painted by Francis Day.*





FRANCIS DAY



## A PIECE OF ADVICE.

So you're going to give up flirtation, my dear,  
And lead a life sober and quiet?  
There, there, I don't doubt the intention's sincere,

What! Give up flirtation? Change dimples for frowns?  
Why, Nell, what's the use? You're so pretty,  
That your beauty all sense of your wickedness drowns.



"THE MISCHIEF YOUR EYES HAVE BEEN MAKING!"

But wait till occasion shall try it.—  
Is Ramsay engaged?  
Now, don't look enraged!  
You like him, I know—don't deny it!

When, some time, in country or city,  
Your fate comes at last,  
We'll forgive all the past,  
And think of you only with pity.

Indeed!—so “you feel for the woes of my sex!”

“The legions of hearts you’ve been breaking

Your conscience affright, and your reckoning perplex

Whene’er an account you’ve been taking!”

“I’d scarcely believe  
How deeply you grieve

At the mischief your eyes have been making!”

Now, Nellie!—Flirtation’s the leaven of life;

It lightens its doughy compactness.

Don’t always—the world with deception is rife—

Construe what men say with exactness!  
I pity the girl,

In society’s whirl,  
Who’s troubled with matter-of-factness.

A pink is a beautiful flower in its way,  
But rosebuds and violets are charming,  
Men don’t wear the same *boutonnière* every day,

Taste changes.—Flirtation alarming!

If e’er we complain,  
You then may refrain,

Your eyes of their arrows disarming.

Ah, Nellie, be sensible. Pr’ythee, give heed  
To counsel a victim advances;

Your eyes, I acknowledge, will make our hearts bleed,

Pierced through by love’s magical lances.  
But better that fate

Than in darkness to wait,  
Unsought by your mischievous glances.

## A REFORMER.

You call me trifler, *fainéant*,

And bid me give my life an aim!—

You’re most unjust, dear. Hear me out,

And own your hastiness to blame.

I live with but a single thought;

My inmost heart and soul are set

On one sole task—a mighty one—

To simplify our alphabet.

Five vowel sounds we use in speech;

They’re A, and E, I, O, and U:

I mean to cut them down to four.

You “wonder what good *that* will do!”

Why, this cold earth will bloom again,

Eden itself be half re-won,

When breaks the dawn of my success

And U and I at last are one.

## IN THE RECORD ROOM, SURROGATE'S OFFICE.

A TOMB where legal ghouls grow fat;  
Where buried papers, fold on fold,  
Crumble to dust, that 'thwart the sun  
Floats dim, a pallid ghost of gold.  
The day is dying. All about,  
Dark, threat'ning shadows lurk; but  
still  
I ponder o'er a dead girl's name  
Fast fading from a dead man's will.

Katrina Harland, fair and sweet,  
Sole heiress of your father's land,  
Full many a gallant wooer rode  
To snare your heart, to win your hand.  
And one, perchance—who loved you best,  
Feared men might sneer—"he sought  
her gold"—  
And never spoke, but turned away,  
Stubborn and proud, to call you cold.

Cold? Would I knew! Perhaps you  
loved,  
And mourned him all a virgin life.  
Perhaps forgot his very name  
As happy mother, happy wife.  
Unanswered, sad, I turn away—  
"You loved *her* first, then?" *First*—  
well—no—  
You little goose, the Harland will  
Was proved full sixty years ago.  
  
But Katrine's lands to-day are known  
To lawyers as the Glass House tract;  
Who were her heirs, no record shows;  
The title's bad, in point of fact,  
If she left children, at her death,  
I've been retained to clear the title;  
And all the questions, raised above,  
Are, you'll perceive, extremely vital.

## DE LUNATICO.

THE squadrons of the sun still hold  
The western hills, their armor glances,  
Their crimson banners wide unfold,  
Low-levelled lie their golden lances.  
The shadows lurk along the shore,  
Where, as our row-boat lightly passes,  
The ripples, startled by our oar,  
Hide murmuring 'neath the hanging  
grasses.

Your eyes are downcast, for the light  
Is lingering on your lids—forgetting  
How late it is—for one last sight  
Of you the sun delays his setting.



One hand droops idly from the boat,  
And round the white and swaying  
fingers,  
Like half-blown lilies gone afloat,  
The amorous water, toying, lingers.

I see you smile behind your book,  
Your gentle eyes concealing, under  
Their drooping lids a laughing look  
That's partly fun, and partly wonder  
That I, a man of presence grave,  
Who fight for bread 'neath Themis'  
banner  
Should all at once begin to rave  
In this—I trust—Aldrichian manner.

They say our lake is—sad, but true—  
The mill-pond of a Yankee viliage,

Its swelling shores devoted to  
The various forms of kitchen tillage;  
That you're no more a maiden fair,  
And I no lover, young and glowing;  
Just an old, sober, married pair,  
Who, after tea, have gone out rowing.

Ah, dear, when memories, old and sweet,  
Have fooled my reason thus, believe  
me,  
Your eyes can only help the cheat,  
Your smile more thoroughly deceive  
me.  
I think it well that men, dear wife,  
Are sometimes with such madness  
smitten,  
Else little joy would be in life,  
And little poetry be written.

### AFTER THE GERMAN.

#### A SOPHOMORE SOLILOQUY.

BLACKBOARD, with ruler and rubber before  
me,  
Chalk loosely held in my hand,  
Sun-gilded motes in the air all around  
me,  
Listlessly dreaming I stand.

What do I care for the problem I've  
written  
In characters gracefully slight,  
As the festal-robed beauties whose fairy  
feet flitted  
Through the maze of the German last  
night!

What do I care for the lever of friction,  
For sine, or co-ordinate plane

When fairy musicians are playing the  
"Mabel,"  
And waltzes each nerve in my brain!  
On my coat's powdered chalk, not the dust  
of the diamond  
That only last night sparkled there,  
By the galop's wild whirl shower'd down  
on my shoulder  
From turbulent tresses of hair.

In my ear is the clatter of chalk against  
blackboard,  
Not music's voluptuous swell;  
Alas! this is life,—so pass mortal pleasures,  
And,—thank goodness, there goes the  
bell!

“SEE HER AT PRAYER. HER PLEADING HANDS  
BEAR NOT ONE GEM OF ALL HER STORE.”

*Painted by Francis Day.*





FRANCIS DAY



## A ROSEBUD IN LENT.

You saw her last, the ball-room's belle,  
A *soufflé*, lace and roses blent;  
Your worldly worship moved her then;  
She does not know you now, in Lent.

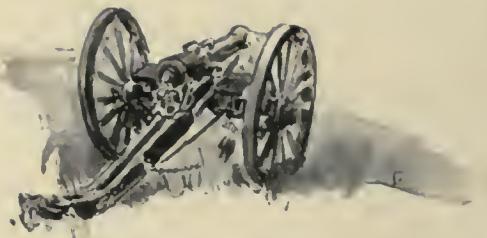
Turn, turn away! But carry hence  
The lesson she has dumbly taught—  
That bright young creature kneeling there  
With every feeling, every thought



"YOU SAW HER LAST, THE BALL-ROOM'S BELLE."

See her at prayer! Her pleading hands  
Bear not one gem of all her store.  
Her face is saint-like. Be rebuked  
By those pure eyes, and gaze no more.

Absorbed in high and holy dreams  
Of—new Spring dresses, truth to say  
To them the time is sanctified  
From Shrove-tide until Easter day.



## PRO PATRIA ET GLORIA.

THE lights blaze high in our brilliant rooms;  
Fair are the maidens who throng our halls;  
Soft, through the warm and perfumed air,  
The languid music swells and falls.  
The "Seventh" dances and flirts to-night—  
All we are fit for, so they say,  
We fops and weaklings, who masquerade  
As soldiers, sometimes, in black and gray.

We can manage to make a street parade,  
But, in a fight, we'd be sure to run.  
Defend you! pshaw, the thought's absurd!  
How about April, sixty-one?  
What was it made your dull blood thrill?  
Why did you cheer, and weep, and pray?  
Why did each pulse of your hearts mark time  
To the tramp of the boys in black and gray?

You've not forgotten the nation's call  
When down in the South the war-cloud burst;  
"Troops for the front!" Do you ever think  
Who answered, and marched, and got there *first*?  
Whose bayonets first scared Maryland?

Whose were the colors that showed the way?  
Who set the step for the marching North?  
Some holiday soldiers in black and gray.

"Pretty boys in their pretty suits!"  
"Too pretty by far to take under fire!"  
A pretty boy in a pretty suit  
Lay once in Bethel's bloody mire.  
The first to fall in the war's first fight—  
Raise him tenderly. Wash away  
The blood and mire from the pretty suit;  
For Winthrop died in the black and gray.

In the shameful days in sixty-three,  
When the city fluttered in abject fear,  
'Neath the mob's rude grasp, who ever thought—  
"God! if the Seventh were only here!"  
Our drums were heard—the ruffian crew  
Grew tired of riot the self-same day—  
By chance of course—you don't suppose  
They feared the dandies in black and gray!

So we dance and flirt in our listless style  
While the waltzes dream in the drill-room arch,

What would we do if the order came,  
Sudden and sharp—"Let the Seventh  
march!"  
Why, we'd faint, of course; our cheeks  
would pale  
Our knees would tremble, our fears—  
but stay  
That order I think has come ere this  
To those holiday troops in black and  
gray.

"What would we do!" We'd drown our  
drums  
In a storm of cheers, and the drill-room  
floor  
Would ring with rifles. Why, you fools,  
We'd do as we've always done before!  
Do our duty! Take what comes  
With laugh and jest, be it feast or fray—  
But we're dandies—yes, for we'd rather die  
Than sully the pride of our black and gray.



## A SONG.



I shouldn't like to say,  
    I'm sure,  
I shouldn't like to say,  
Why I think of you more,  
    and more, and more  
    As day flits after day.  
Nor why I see in the  
    summer skies  
Only the beauty of your  
    sweet eyes,  
The power by which you sway  
A kingdom of hearts, that little you prize—  
I shouldn't like to say.  
  
I shouldn't like to say, I'm sure,  
    I shouldn't like to say  
Why I hear your voice, so fresh and pure,  
    In the dash of the laughing spray.

Nor why the wavelets that all the while,  
    In many a diamond-glittering file,  
    With truant sunbeams play,  
Should make me remember your rippling  
    smile—  
I shouldn't like to say.  
  
I shouldn't like to say, I'm sure,  
    I shouldn't like to say,  
Why all the birds should chirp of you,  
    Who live so far away.  
Robin and oriole sing to me  
From the leafy depths of our apple-tree,  
    With trunk so gnarled and gray—  
But why your name should their burden  
    be  
I shouldn't like to say.

---

## MAKING NEW YEAR'S CALLS.

SHINING patent-leather,  
    Tie of spotless white;  
Through the muddy weather  
    Rushing 'round till night.  
Gutters all o'erflowing,  
    Like Niagara Falls;  
Bless me! this is pleasant,  
    Making New Year's calls.

Rushing up the door-step,  
    Ringing at the bell—  
“Mrs. Jones receive to-day?”  
    “Yes, sir.” “Very well.”

Sending in your pasteboard,  
    Waiting in the halls,  
Bless me! this is pleasant,  
    Making New Year's calls.

Skipping in the parlor,  
    Bowing to the floor,  
Lady of the house there,  
    Half a dozen more;  
Ladies' dresses gorgeous,  
    Paniers, waterfalls,—  
Bless me! this is pleasant,  
    Making New Year's calls.

"Wish you Happy New Year"—

"Many thanks, I'm sure."

"Many calls, as usual?"

"No; I think they're fewer."

Staring at the carpet,

Gazing at the walls;

Bless me! this is pleasant,

Making New Year's calls.

"Really, I must go now,

Wish I had more leisure."

"Wont you have a glass of wine?"

"Ah, thanks!—greatest pleasure."

Try to come the graceful,

Till your wine-glass falls;

Bless me! this is pleasant,

Making New Year's calls.

Hostess looks delighted—

Out of doors you rush;

Sit down at the crossing,

In a sea of slush.

Job here for your tailor—

Herr Von Schneiderthals—

Bless me! this is pleasant,

Making New Year's calls.

Pick yourself up slowly,

Heart with anguish torn;

Sunday-go-to-meetings

In a state forlorn.

Kick a gibing boot-black,

Gibing boot-black bawls,

Bless me! this is pleasant,

Making New Year's calls.

Home, and woo the downy,

But your soul doth quake,

At most fearful night-mares—

Turkey, oysters, cake.

While each leaden horror

That your rest appalls,

Cries, "Dear heart! how pleasant,

Making New Year's calls."



“READING? YES, BUT NOT FROM A NOVEL.  
FISHING! TRULY, BUT NOT WITH A ROD.”

*Painted by Francis Day.*





FRANCIS TAY



## FISHING.

"HARRY, where have you been all morning?"

"Down at the pool in the meadow-brook."

"Fishing?" "Yes, but the trout were wary,

Couldn't induce them to take a hook."

"Why, look at your coat! You must have fallen,

Your back's just covered with leaves and moss."

How he laughs! Good-natured fellow!

Fisherman's luck makes most men cross.

"Nellie, the Wrights have called. Where were you?"

"Under the tree, by the meadow-brook, Reading, and oh, it was too lovely;

I never saw such a charming book."

The charming book must have pleased her, truly,

There's a happy light in her bright young eyes,

And she hugs the cat with unusual fervor To staid old Tabby's intense surprise.

Reading? yes, but not from a novel.

Fishing! truly, but not with a rod.

The line is idle, the book neglected—

The water-grasses whisper and nod.

The fisherman bold and the earnest reader

. Sit talking — of what? Perhaps the weather.

Perhaps—no matter—whate'er the subject,

It brings them remarkably close together.

It causes his words to be softly spoken,  
With many a lingering pause between,  
The while the sunbeams chase the shadows

Over the mosses, gray and green.



"THE FAIREST PRIZE EVER BROUGHT FROM A MORNING'S FISHING."

Blushes are needful for its discussion,  
And soft, shy glances from downcast eyes,

In whose blue depths are lying hidden Loving gladness, and sweet surprise.

Trinity Chapel is gay this evening,  
Filled with beauty, and flowers, and  
light,  
A captive fisherman stands at the altar,  
With Nellie beside him all in white.

The ring is on, the vows are spoken,  
And smiling friends, good fortune  
wishing,  
Tell him his is the fairest prize  
Ever brought from a morning's fishing.

### JACK AND ME.

SHINE!—All right; here y're, boss!  
Do it for jest five cents.  
Get 'em fixed in a minute,—  
That is, 'f nothing perwents.  
Set your foot right there, sir.  
Mornin's kinder cold,—  
Goes right through a feller,  
When his coat's a-gittin' old.  
Well, yes,—call it a coat, sir,  
Though 'taint much more'n a tear;  
Git another!—I can't, boss;  
Aint got the stamps to spare.  
"Make as much as most on 'em!"  
Yes; but then, yer see,  
They've only got one to do for,—  
There's two on us, Jack and me.  
Him?—Why, that little feller  
With a curus lookin' back,  
Sittin' there on the gratin',  
Warmin' hisself,—that's Jack.  
Used to go round sellin' papers,  
The cars there was his lay;  
But he got shoved off of the platform  
Under the wheels, one day.

Fact,—the conductor did it,—  
Gin him a reg'lar throw,—  
He didn't care if he killed him;  
Some on 'em is just so.  
He's never been all right since, sir,  
Sorter quiet and queer;  
Him and me goes together,  
He's what they call cashier.  
Style, that 'ere, for a boot-black,—  
Made the fellers laugh;  
Jack and me had to take it,  
But we don't mind no chaff.  
Trouble!—not much, you bet, boss!  
Sometimes, when biz is slack,  
I don't know how I'd manage  
If 't wa'n't for little Jack.  
You jest once orter hear him:  
He says we needn't care  
How rough luck is down here, sir,  
If some day we git up there.  
All done now,—how's that, sir?  
Shines like a pair of lamps.  
Mornin'!—Give it to Jack, sir,  
He looks after the stamps.



## LES ENFANTS PERDUS.

WHAT has become of the children all?

How have the darlings vanished?

Fashion's pied piper, with magical air,  
Has wooed them away, with their flaxen  
hair

And laughing eyes, we don't know where,  
And no one can tell where they're ban-  
ished.

"Where are the children?" cries Madam  
Haut-ton,

"Allow me, my sons and daughters,—  
Fetch them, Annette!" What, madam,  
those?

Children! such exquisite belles and beaux:  
True, they're in somewhat shorter clothes  
Than the most of Dame Fashion's sup-  
porters.

Good day, Master Eddy! Young man  
about town,—

A merchant down in the swamp's son;  
In a neat little book he makes neat little  
bets;  
He doesn't believe in the shop cigarettes,

But does his own rolling,— and has for his  
pets

Miss Markham and Lydia Thompson.

He and his comrades can drink champagne  
Like so many juvenile Comuses;  
If you want to insult him, just talk of boys'  
play,—

Why, even on billiards he's almost *blase'*,  
Drops in at Delmonico's three times a day,  
And is known at Jerry Thomas's.

And here comes Miss Agnes. Good morn-  
ing! "*Bon jour!*"

Now, isn't that vision alarming?  
Silk with panier, and puffs, and lace  
Decking a figure of corsetted grace;  
Her words are minced, and her spoiled  
young face

Wears a simper far from charming.

Thirteen only a month ago,—  
Notice her conversation:  
Fashion—that bonnet of Nellie Perroy's—  
And now, in a low, confidential voice,

Of Helena's treatment of Tommy Joyee—  
Aged twelve—that's the last flirtation.      Folly filling each curly head,  
Premature vices, childhood dead,



"THAT BONNET OF NELLIE PURROY'S."

What has become of the children, then?  
How can an answer be given?      Blighted blossoms—can it be said  
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven?"

### FROST-BITTEN.



The white flakes fluttered about our lamps;  
Our wheels were hushed in the sleeping  
snow.

Her white arms nestled amid her furs;  
Her hands half-held, with languid grace,  
Her fading roses; fair to see  
Was the dreamy look in her sweet, young  
face.

We were driving home from the "Patriarchs"—  
Molly Lefévre and I, you know;

I watched her, saying never a word,  
For I would not waken those dreaming  
eyes.

The breath of the roses filled the air,  
And my thoughts were many, and far  
from wise.

At last I said to her, bending near,  
"Ah, Molly Lefévre, how sweet 'twould  
be  
To ride on dreaming, all our lives,  
Alone with the roses--you and me."

Her sweet lips faltered, her sweet eyes  
fell,

And, low as the voice of a Summer  
rill,  
Her answer came. It was—"Yes, per-  
haps—

But who would settle our carriage bill?"

The dying roses breathed their last,  
Our wheels rolled loud on the stones  
just then,  
Where the snow had drifted; the subject  
dropped.  
It has never been taken up again.



“A LADY IN SEALSKIN—EYES OF BLUE,  
AND TANGLED TRESSES OF SNOW-FLECKED GOLD.”

*Painted by Francis Day.*

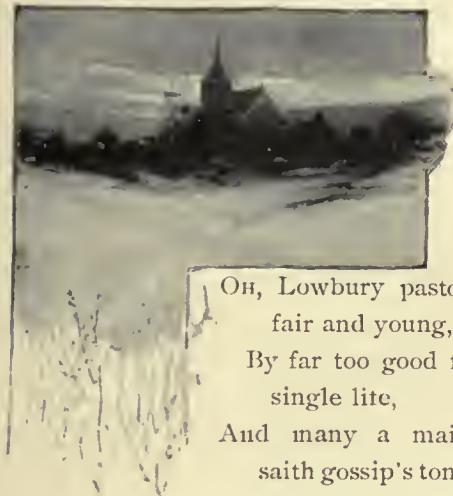




FRANCIS DAY



## CHRISTMAS GREENS.



Oh, Lowbury pastor is  
fair and young,  
By far too good for a  
single lite,  
And many a maiden,  
saith gossip's tongue,  
Would fain be Low-  
bury pastor's wife:  
So his book-marks are 'broidered in erim-  
son and gold,  
And his slippers are, really, a "sight to  
behold."

That's Lowbury pastor sitting there  
On the cedar boughs by the chaneel rails;  
His face is elouded with earking eare,  
For it's nearly five, the daylight fails—  
The church is silent,— the girls all gone,  
And the Christmas wreaths not nearly  
done.

Two tiny boots cruneh-eruneh the snow,  
They saueily stamp at the transept door,  
And then up to the pillared aisle they go  
Pit-pat, eliek-elack, on the marble floor—  
A lady fair doth that pastor see,  
And he saith, "Oh, bother, it isn't she!"

A lady in seal-skin—eyes of blue,  
And tangled tresses of snow-flecked  
gold—  
She speaks, "Good graeious! ean this be  
you,  
Sitting alone in the dark and eold?  
The rest all gone! Why it wasn't right;  
These texts will never be done to-night."

She sits her down at her pastor's feet,  
And, wreathing evergreen, weaves her  
wiles,  
Heart-piereing glanees bright and fleet,  
Soft little sighs, and shy little smiles;  
But the pastor is solemnly sulky and glum,  
And thinketh it strange that "she" doesn't  
eome.

Then she tells him earnestly, soft and  
low,  
How she'd do her part in this world of  
strife,  
And humbly look to him to know  
The path that her feet should tread  
through life—  
Her pastor yawneth behind his hat,  
And wondereth what she is driving at.

Cruneh-eruneh again on the snow outside.  
The pastor riseth unto his feet,  
The vestry door is opened wide,  
A dark-eyed maid doth the pastor greet;  
And that lady fair ean see and hear  
Her pastor kiss her, and eall her "dear."

"Why, Maud!" "Why, Nelly!" those damsels cry;  
 But lo, what troubles that lady fair?  
 On Nelly's finger there meets her eye  
 The glow of a diamond solitaire,  
 And she thinks, as she sees the glittering  
 ring,  
 "And so she's got him—the hateful  
 thing!"

There sit they all 'neath the Christmas-tree,  
 For Maud is determined that she wont go;  
 The pastor is cross as a man can be,  
 And Nelly would like to pinch her so;  
 And they go on wreathing the text again—  
 It is "Peace on earth and good-will towards men."



## CHINESE LANTERNS.

THROUGH the windows on the park  
 Float the waltzes, weirdly sweet;  
 In the light, and in the dark,  
 Rings the chime of dancing feet.  
 Mid the branches, all a-row,  
 Fiery jewels gleam and glow;  
 Dreamingly we walk beneath,—  
 Ah, so slow!

All the air is full of love;  
 Misty shadows wrap us round;  
 Light below and dark above,  
 Filled with softly-surging sound.  
 See the forehead of the Night  
 Garlanded with flowers of light,  
 And her goblet crowned with wine,  
 Golden bright.

Ah! those deep, alluring eyes,  
 Quiet as a haunted lake;  
 In their depths the passion lies  
 Half in slumber, half awake.  
 Lay thy warm, white hand in mine,  
 Let the fingers clasp and twine,  
 While my eager, panting heart  
 Beats 'gainst thine.

Bring thy velvet lips a-near,  
 Mine are hungry for a kiss,  
 Gladly will I sate them, dear;  
 Closer, closer,— this,— and this.  
 On thy lips love's seal I lay,  
 Nevermore to pass away;—  
 That was all last night, you know,  
 But to-day

Chinese lanterns hung in strings,  
Painted paper, penny dips,—  
Filled with roasted moths and things,  
Greasy with the tallow drips,  
Wet and torn, with rusty wire,  
Blackened by the dying fire;  
Withered flowers, trampled deep  
In the mire.

Chinese lanterns, Bernstein's band,  
Belladonna, lily white,  
These made up the fairy-land  
Where I wandered all last night;  
Ruled in all its rosy glow  
By a merry Queen, you know,  
Jolly, dancing, laughing, witching,  
Veuve Cliquot.

## THOUGHTS ON THE COMMANDMENTS.

"Love your neighbor as yourself,"—  
So the parson preaches;  
That's one-half the Decalogue,—  
So the Prayer-book teaches.  
Half my duty I can do  
With but little labor,  
For with all my heart and soul  
I do love my neighbor.

Mighty little credit, that,  
To my self-denial;  
Not to love her, though, might be  
Something of a trial.  
Why, the rosy light, that peeps  
Through the glass above her,  
Lingers round her lips:—you see  
E'en the sunbeams love her.

So to make my merit more  
I'll go beyond the letter;  
Love my neighbor as myself?  
Yes, and ten times better.  
For she's sweeter than the breath  
Of the Spring, that passes  
Through the fragrant, budding woods,  
O'er the meadow-grasses.



"FOR WITH ALL MY HEART AND SOUL  
I DO LOVE MY NEIGHBOR."

And I've preached the word I know,  
For it was my duty  
To convert the stubborn heart  
Of the little beauty.  
Once again success has crowned  
Missionary labor,  
For her sweet eyes own that she  
Also loves her neighbor.

## EIGHT HOURS.

"Sign the petition!" "Write my name!"  
"She said, ask me!"—oh, she's fooling;  
Where do you think a girl like me  
Could find the time for so much school-  
ing?  
Why, I've been here since I was eight or  
so—  
That's ten years now—and it seems like  
longer;  
The hours are from eight till six—you see  
It wears one out—I once was stronger.  
"A bad cough!" Oh, that's nothing, sir;  
It comes from the dust, and bending  
over.  
It hurts me sometimes—no, not now.  
"This!" why, a flower, a bit of clover;  
I picked it up as I came to work—  
It grew in the grass in some one's airy,  
Where it stood, and nodded all alone  
Like a little green-cloaked, white-  
capped fairy.  
"Fond of flowers!" I like them—yes—  
Though, goodness knows, I don't see  
many—  
I'd have to buy them—they cost so much—  
And I never can spare a single penny.  
"Go to the park!"—how can I, sir?  
The only day that I have is Sunday;  
And then there's always so much to do  
That before I know it, almost, it's Mon-  
day.

Like it, sir, like it!—why, when I think  
Of the woods, and the brook with the  
cattle drinking—  
I was country-bred, sir—my heart swells  
so  
That I—there, there, what's the use of  
thinking!  
If I could write, sir—"make a cross,  
And let you write my name below  
it"—  
No, please; I'm ashamed I can't, some-  
times—  
I don't want all the girls to know it.  
And what's the use of it, anyway?  
They'll just say shortly, with careless  
faces,  
"If you're not suited, you'd better  
leave"—  
There's plenty of girls to fill our places.  
They're kind enough to their own, no  
doubt—  
Our head just worships his own young  
daughter,  
Just my age, sir—she's gone away  
To spend the Summer across the water.  
But us—oh, well, we're only "hands,"  
Do you think to please us they'll bear  
losses?  
No, not a cent's worth—ah, you'll see—  
I'm a working girl, sir, and I know  
bosses.

“HOW THE OLD PORTRAITS TAKE YOU BACK.”

*Painted by Francis Day.*





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## OLD PHOTOGRAPHS.

OLD lady, put your glasses on,  
With polished lenses, mounting golden,  
And oncee again look slowly through  
The album olden.



How the old portraits take you back  
To friends who oncee would 'round you  
gather—  
All scattered now, like frosted leaves  
In blustering weather.

Why, who is this, the bright coquette?  
Her eyes with Love's bright arrows  
laden—  
“Poor Nell, she's living single yet,—  
An aneient maiden.”

And this, the fragile poetess?  
Whose high soul-yearnings nought can  
smother—  
“She's stouter far than I am now,  
A kind grandmother.”

Who is this girl with flowingcurls,  
Who on the golden future muses?  
“What splendid hair she had!—and now  
A 'front' she uses.”

And this? “Why, if it's not my own;  
And did I really e'er resemble  
That bright young creature? Take the  
book—  
My old hands tremble.

“It seems that only yesterday  
We all were young; ah, how time  
passes!”  
Old lady, put the album down,  
And wipe your glasses.

## MARRIAGE À LA MODE.

A TRILOGY.

### I.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.—A. D. 1880.

"THANK you—meh obliged, old boy,  
Yes, it's so; report says true.  
I'm engaged to Nell Latine—  
What else could a fellow do?  
Governor was getting fierce;  
Asked me, with  
paternal frown,  
When I meant to go  
to work,  
Take a wife, and  
settle down.  
Stormed at my extra-  
vaganee,  
Talked of cutting  
off supplies—  
Fairly bullied me,  
you know—  
Sort of thing that  
I despise.  
Well, you see, I lost  
worst way  
At the races—Gov-  
ernor raged—  
So, to try and smooth  
him down,  
I went off, and got engaged.  
Sort of put-up job, you know—  
All arranged with old Latine—  
Nellie raved about it first,  
Said her 'pa was awful mean!'



"CALL THERE OFTEN, SIT AND CHAT."

Now it's done we don't much mind—

Tell the truth, I'm rather glad;

Looking at it every way,

One must own it isn't bad.

She's good-looking, rather rieh,—

Mother left her quite a pile;

Dances, goes out everywhere;

Fine old family, real good style.

Then she's good, as

girls go now,

Some idea of wrong  
and right,

Don't let every man  
she meets

Kiss her, on the  
self-same night.

We don't do affection  
much,

Nell and I are real  
good friends,

Call there often, sit  
and chat,

Take her 'round,  
and there it ends.

Spooning ! Well, I  
tried it once—

Acted like an awful  
calf—

Said I really loved her. Gad!

You should just have heard her laugh.

Why, she ran me for a month,

Teased me till she made me wince;

'Mustn't flirt with her,' she said,

So I haven't tried it since.  
 'Twould be pleasant to be loved  
   Like you read about in books—  
 Mingling souls, and tender eyes—  
   Love, and that, in all their looks;  
 Thoughts of you, and no one else;  
   Voiee that has a tender ring,  
 Sacrifices made, and—well—  
   You know—all that sort of thing.  
 That's all worn-out talk, they say,  
   Don't see any of it now—  
 Spooning on your *fiancée*  
   Isn't good style, anyhow.  
 Just suppose that one of us,—  
   Nell and me, you know—some day  
 Got like that on some one else—  
   Might be rather awkward—eh!  
 All in earnest, like the books—  
   Wouldn't it be awful rough!  
 Jove! if I—but pshaw, what bosh!  
   Nell and I are safe enough.—  
 Some time in the Spring, I think;  
   Be on hand to wish us joy?  
 Be a groomsman, if you like—  
   Lots of wine—good-bye, old boy."

## II.

UP THE AISLE.—A. D. 1881.

TAKE my cloak—and now fix my veil,  
   Jenny,—  
   How silly to cover one's face!  
 I might as well be an old woman,  
   But then there's one comfort—it's laee.  
 Well, what has become of those ushers?—  
   Oh, Pa, have you got my bouquet?  
 I'll freeze standing here in the lobby,  
   Why doesn't the organist play?

They've started at last—what a bustle!  
   Stop, Pa!—they're not far enough—  
     wait!  
 One minute more—now! Do keep step,  
   Pa!  
   There, drop my trail, Jane!—is it  
     straight?  
 I hope I look timid, and shrinking!  
   The church must be perfectly full—  
 Good gracieous, please don't walk so fast,  
   Pa!  
   He don't seem to think that trains pull.  
 The chancel at last—mind the step, Pa!—  
   I don't feel embarrassed at all—  
 But, my! What's the minister saying?  
   Oh, I know, that part 'bout Saint Paul.  
 I hope my position is graceful—  
   How awkwardly Nelly Dane stood!  
   "Not lawfully be joined together,  
     Now speak"—as if any one would.  
 Oh, dear, now it's my turn to answer—  
   I do wish that Pa would stand still.  
   "Serve him, love, honor, and keep him"~  
     How sweetly he says it—I will.  
 Where's Pa?—there, I knew he'd forget it  
   When the time came to give me away—  
   "I, Helena, take thee—love—cherish—  
     And"—well, I can't help it,—“obey.”  
 Here, Maid, take my bouquet—don't  
   drop it—  
   I hope Charley's not lost the ring!  
 Just like him!—no—goodness, how heavy!  
   It's really an elegant thing. .  
 It's a shame to kneel down in white satin—  
   And the flounce real old laee—but I  
     must—  
 I hope that they've got a clean cushion,  
   They're usually covered with dust.

All over—ah, thanks!—now, don't fuss,  
Pa!—  
Just throw back my veil, Charley—  
there!  
Oh, bother! Why couldn't he kiss me  
Without mussing up all my hair!  
Your arm, Charley, there goes the organ—  
Who'd think there would be such a  
crowd!



"YOUR ARM, CHARLEY, THERE GOES THE ORGAN."

Oh, I mustn't look round, I'd forgotten,—  
See, Charley, who was it that bowed?  
Why—it's Nellie Allaire, with her  
husband—  
She's awfully jealous, I know;  
Most all of my things were imported,  
And she had a home-made *trousseau*.  
And there's Annie Wheeler—Kate  
Hermon—  
I didn't expect her at all—  
If she's not in that same old blue satin  
She wore at the Charity Ball!  
Is that Fanny Wade?—Edith Pommeton—  
And Emma, and Jo—all the girls!  
I knew they'd not miss my wedding—  
I hope they'll all notice my pearls.

Is the carriage there?—give me my cloak,  
Jane,  
Don't get it all over my veil—  
No! you take the other seat, Charley—  
I need all of this for my trail.

### III.

DIVORCE.—A. D. 1886.

#### *The Club Window.*

"YES, I saw her pass with 'that scoundrel'—  
For heaven's sake, old man, keep cool!  
No end of the fellows are watching—  
Go easy, don't act like a fool!  
'Parading your shame!'—I don't see it.  
It's *hers* now, alone; for at last  
You drove her to give you good reason,  
Divorced her, and so it's all passed.  
For *you*, I mean; she has to bear it—  
Poor child—the reproach and the shame;  
I'm your friend—but come, hang it, old  
fellow,  
I swear you were somewhat to blame.  
'What the deuce do I mean?' Well, I'll  
tell you,  
Though it's none of my business. Here!  
Just light a cigar, and keep quiet—  
You started wrong, Charley LeClear.  
You weren't in love when you married—  
'Nor she!'—well, I know, but she tried  
To keep it dark. You wouldn't let her,  
But laughed at her for it. Her pride  
Wouldn't stand that, you know. Did you  
ever  
See a spirited girl in your life,  
Who would patiently pose to be pitied  
As a 'patient Griselda'-like wife

When her husband neglects her so plainly  
 As you did?—although, on the whole,  
 When the wife is the culprit, I've noticed  
 It's rather the favorite rôle.  
 So she flirted a little—in public—  
 She'd chances enough and to spare,  
 Ah, *then* if you'd only turned jealous—  
 But you didn't notice nor care.  
 Then her sickness came—even we fellows  
 All thought you behaved like a scrub,  
 Leaving her for the nurse to take care of,  
 While you spent your time at the club.  
 She never forgave you. How could she?  
 If I'd been in her place myself,  
 By Jove, I'd have *left* you. She didn't,  
 But told all her woes to Jack Guelph.  
 When a girl's lost all love for her husband,  
 And is cursed with a masculine friend  
 To confide in, and he is a blackguard,  
 She isn't far off from the end.

You were right enough there—she'd  
 levanted  
 With Guelph, and you'd no other course,  
 What I mean is, if you'd acted squarely,  
 The row would have never occurred,  
 And for *you* to be doing the tragic  
 Strikes me as a little absurd.  
 As it stands, you've the best of the  
 bargain,  
 And she's got a good deal the worst;  
 Leave it there, and—just touch the bell,  
 Will you?  
 You're nearest. I'm dying of thirst."

## IV.

## AT AFTERNOON TEA.

"In New York!" Yes, I met her this  
 morning.  
 I knew her in spite of her paint;



"SHE IS N'T FAR OFF FROM THE END."

Oh, I'm through—of course nobody blamed  
 you  
 In the end, when you got your divorce—

And Guelph, too, poor fellow, was with  
 her;  
 I felt really nervous, and faint,

When he bowed to me, looking *so* pleading—  
 I cut him, of course. Wouldn't you?  
 If I meet him alone, I'll explain it;  
 But knowing *her*, what could I do?  
 Poor fellow! He looks sadly altered—  
 I think it a sin, and a shame,  
 The way he was wrecked by that *creature*!  
 I know he was never to blame.  
 He never suspected. He liked her—  
 He'd known her for most of his life—  
 And, of course, it *was* quite a temptation  
 To run off with another man's wife.  
 At his age, you know—barely thirty—  
 So romantic, and makes such a noise  
 In one's club—why, one *can't* but excuse  
 him,  
 Now *can* one, dear? Boys will be boys.  
 I've known him so long—why, he'd come  
 here  
 And talk to me just like a son.  
 It's my duty—I feel as a mother—  
 To save him; the thing can be done  
 Very easily. First, I must show him  
 How grossly the woman deceived  
 And entrapped him.—It made such a  
 scandal,

You know, that he *can't* be received  
 At all, any more, till he drops her—  
 He'll certainly not be so mad  
 As to hold to her still. Oh, I know him  
 So well—I'm quite sure he'll be glad,  
 On *any* excuse, to oblige me  
 In a matter so trifling indeed.  
 Then the way will be clear. *We'll* receive  
 him,  
 And the rest will soon follow our lead.  
 We must keep our eyes on him more closely  
 Hereafter; young men of his wealth  
 And position are so sorely tempted  
 To waste time, and fortune, and health  
 In frivolous pleasures and pastimes,  
 That there's but one safeguard in life  
 For them and their money—we've seen it—  
 A really nice girl for a wife.  
 Too bad you've no daughter! My Mamie  
 Had influence with him for good  
 Before this affair—when he comes here  
 She'll meet him, I'm sure, as she  
 should—  
 That is, as if nothing had happened—  
 And greet him with sisterly joy;  
 Between us I know we can *save* him.  
 I'll write him to-morrow, poor boy."

“THE FEET THAT KISSED ITS PAVEMENT  
ARE DEEP IN COUNTRY GRASS.”

*Painted by Francis Day.*







## THE "STAY-AT-HOME'S" PLAINT.

THE Spring has grown to Summer;  
The sun is fierce and high;  
The city shrinks, and withers  
Beneath the burning sky,  
Ailantus trees are fragrant,  
And thicker shadows cast,  
Where berry-girls, with voices shrill,  
And watering-carts go past.

In offices like ovens  
We sit without our coats;  
Our cuffs are moist and shapeless,  
No collars bind our throats.  
We carry huge umbrellas  
On Broad Street and on Wall,  
Oh, how thermometers go up!  
And, oh, how stocks *do* fall!

The nights are full of music,  
Melodious Teuton troops  
Beguile us, calmly smoking  
On balconies and stoops.  
With eyes half-shut, and dreamy,  
We watch the fire-flies' spark,  
And image far-off faces,  
As day dies into dark.

The avenue is lonely,  
The houses choked with dust;  
The shutters, barred and bolted,  
The bell-knobs all a-rust.  
No blossom-like spring dresses,  
No faces young and fair,  
From "Dickel's" to "The Brunswick,"  
No promenader there.

The girls we used to walk with  
Are far away, alas!  
The feet that kissed its pavement  
Are deep in country grass.



"THE NYMPHS OF ECHO LAKE."

Along the scented hedge-rows,  
Among the green old trees,  
Are blooming city faces  
'Neath rosy-lined pongees.

They're cottaging at Newport;  
They're bathing at Cape May;  
In Saratoga's ball-rooms  
They dance the hours away.  
Their voices through the quiet  
Of haunted Catskill break;  
Or rouse those dreamy dryads,  
The nymphs of Echo Lake.

The hands we've led through Germans,  
And squeezed, perchance, of yore,  
Now deftly grasp the bridle,  
The mallet, and the oar.

The eyes that wrought our ruin  
On other men look down;  
We're but the broken playthings  
They've left behind in town.

Oh, happy Gran'dame Nature,  
Whose wandering children come  
To light with happy faces  
The dear old mother-home,  
Be tender with our darlings,  
Each merry maiden bears  
Such love and longing with her—  
Men's lives are wrapped in theirs.

## SLEEPING BEAUTY.

### A PARABLE.

You remember the nursery legend—  
We heard in the early days,  
E're we knew of the world's deception  
Or walked in its dusty ways,  
And dwelt in the land of  
the fairies,  
Where the air was  
golden haze—

Of the maid, o'er whom  
the Summers  
Of youth passed, like a  
swell  
Of melody all unbrok-  
en,  
Till evil wrought its  
spell,  
And dream-embroidered  
curtains  
Of slumber round her  
fell.

The wood grew up round her castle,  
The centuries o'er it rolled,  
Wrapping its slumb'rous turrets  
In clinging robes of mould,  
And her name became a  
legend  
By Winter firesides  
told.

Till the Prince came over  
the mountains  
In the morning-glow of  
youth;  
The forest sank before  
him  
Like wrong before the  
truth,  
And he passed the dim  
old portal,  
With its warders so  
uncouth,



"THE PRINCE IN THE MORNING-GLOW OF YOUTH."

Woke with a kiss the Princess,  
And broke enchantment's chain.  
The sleepy old castle wondered,  
In its cobweb-cumbered brain,  
At the tide of life and pleasure  
That poured through each stony vein.

And so love conquered an evil  
Centuries old in might,  
Scattering drowsy glamour,  
Piercing the murky night,  
Leading from thrall and darkness  
Beauty, and joy, and light.

## EASTER MORNING.

Too early, of course! How provoking!  
I told Ma just how it would be.  
I might as well have on a wrapper,  
For there isn't a soul here to see.  
There! Sue DeClaplaire's pew is empty,—  
I declare if it isn't too bad!  
I know my suit cost more than hers did,  
And I wanted to see her look mad.  
I do think that sexton's too stupid—  
He's put some one else in our pew—  
And the girl's dress just kills mine  
completely;  
Now what am I going to do?  
The psalter, and Sue isn't here yet!  
I don't care, I think it's a sin  
For people to get late to service,  
Just to make a great show coming in.  
Perhaps she is sick, and can't get here—  
She said she'd a headache last night.  
How mad she'll be after her fussing!  
I declare, it would serve her just right.  
Oh, you've got here at last, my dear, have  
you?  
Well, I don't think you need be so proud  
Of that bonnet, if Virot did make it;  
It's horrid fast-looking and loud.  
What a dress!—for a girl in her senses  
To go on the street in light blue!—

And those coat-sleeves—they wore them  
last Summer—  
Don't doubt, though, that she thinks  
they're new.  
Mrs. Gray's polonaise was imported—  
So dreadful!—a minister's wife,  
And thinking so much about fashion!—  
A pretty example of life!  
The altar's dressed sweetly. I wonder  
Who sent those white flowers for the  
font!—  
Some girl who's gone on the assistant—  
Don't doubt it was Bessie Lamont.  
Just look at her now, little humbug!—  
So devout—I suppose she don't know  
That she's bending her head too far over,  
And the ends of her switches all show.  
What a sight Mrs. Ward is this morning!  
That woman will kill me some day,  
With her horrible lilacs and crimsons;  
Why will these old things dress so gay?  
And there's Jenny Welles with Fred  
Tracy—  
She's engaged to him now—horrid  
thing!  
Dear me! I'd keep on my glove some-  
times,  
If I did have a solitaire ring!

How ean this girl next to me aet so—  
The way that she turns round and  
stares,  
And then makes remarks about people;  
She'd better be saying her prayers.  
Oh, dear, what a dreadful long sermon!  
He must love to hear himself talk!

And it's after twelve now,—how provok-ing!  
I wanted to have a nice walk.  
Through at last! Well, it isn't so dreadful  
After all, for we don't dine till one;  
How can people say chureh is poky!—  
So wicked!—I think it's real fun.



"AND THE BEAUTIES WE'VE SIGHED FOR ALL SUMMER  
ARE HURRYING BACK INTO TOWN."

*Painted by Francis Day.*





FRANCIS DAY



## THE "STAY-AT-HOME'S" PÆAN.



"THE FLOWERS IN THE GARDEN ARE DEAD."

THE evenings are damper and colder,  
The maples and sumacs are red,  
The wild Equinoctial is coming,  
The flowers in the garden are dead.  
The steamers are all overflowing,  
The railroads are all loaded down,  
And the beauties we've sighed for all  
Summer  
Are hurrying back into town.

They come from the banks of the Hudson,  
From the sands of the Braneh, and Cape  
May;  
From the parlors of bright Saratoga,  
From the dash of Niagara's spray.  
From misty, sea-salt Narragansett,  
From Mahopac's magical lake—

They come on their way to new conquests,  
They're longing for more hearts to  
break.

E'en Newport is dull and deserted—  
Its billowy beaches no more  
Made bright with sweet, ocean-kissed  
faces,  
Love's beaeon-lights set on the shore.  
The rugged White Hills of New Hamp-  
shire,  
The last of their lovers have seen,  
The eehoes are left to their slumbers,  
No dainty feet thread the ravine.

On West Point's delightful parade-ground  
Sighs many a hapless cadet,  
Who's basked through the long days of  
Summer  
In the smiles of a city coquette;  
And now the incipient hero  
Beholds his enchantress depart,  
With the spoils of her lightly won triumph,  
His buttons, as well as his heart.

Come, dry your eyes, Grandmother Nature,  
They care not a whit for your woe;  
The city is calling her daughters—  
We ean't spare them longer, they know—  
Our beautiful, tender-voiced darlings,  
With the blue of the deep Summer skies,  
And the glow of the bright Summer sun-  
shine,  
Entrapped in their mischievous eyes.

We know their expenses are awfnl,  
 That horror unspeakable fills  
 The souls of unfortunate fathers  
 Who foot up their dressmaker's bills.  
 That they'd barter their souls for French  
 candy;  
 That diamonds ruin their peace;  
 That they rave over middle-aged actors,  
 And in other respects are—well, geese.

We laugh at them, boys, but we love  
 them,  
 For under their nonsense we know  
 They've hearts that are honest and loving,  
 And souls that are whiter than snow.  
 So out with that bottle of Roederer!  
 Large glasses, boys! Up goes the cork!  
 All charged? To the belles of creation—  
 The glorious girls of New York.

### A SONG.



'HER VOICE IS GENTLE, AND CLEAR AND PURE;  
 IT RINGS LIKE THE CHIME OF A SILVER BELL.'

SPRING-TIME is coming again, my  
 dear;  
 Sunshine and violets blue, you  
 know;  
 Crocuses lifting their sleepy heads  
 Out of their sheets of snow.  
 And I know a blossom sweeter by far  
 Than violets blue, or crocuses are,  
 And bright as the sunbeam's glow.  
 But how can I dare to look in her  
 eyes,  
 Colored with heaven's own hue?  
 That wouldn't do at all, my dear,  
 It really wouldn't do.

Her hair is a rippling, tossing sea;  
 In its golden depths the fairies play,  
 Beckoning, dancing, mocking there,  
 Luring my heart away.  
 And her merry lips are the ripest red  
 That ever addled a poor man's head,  
 Or led his wits astray.  
 What wouldn't I give to taste the  
 sweets

Of those rose-leaves wet with dew!  
But that wouldn't do at all, my dear,  
It really wouldn't do.

Her voice is gentle, and clear and pure;  
It rings like the chime of a silver bell,  
And the thought it wakes in my foolish  
head

I'm really afraid to tell.  
Her little feet kiss the ground below,  
And her hand is white as the whitest snow  
That e'er from heaven fell.  
But I wouldn't dare to take that hand,  
Reward for my love to sue;  
That wouldn't do at all, my dear,  
It really wouldn't do.

### "LE DERNIER JOUR D'UN CONDAMNÉ."

OLD coat, for some three or four seasons  
We've been jolly comrades, but now  
We part, old companion, forever;  
To fate, and the fashion, I bow.  
You'd look well enough at a dinner,  
I'd wear you with pride at a ball;  
But I'm dressing to-night for a wedding—  
My own—and you'd not do at all.

You've too many wine-stains about you,  
You're scented too much with cigars,  
When the gas-light shines full on your  
collar,  
It glitters with myriad stars,  
That wouldn't look well at my wedding;  
They'd seem inappropriate there—  
Nell doesn't use diamond powder,  
She tells me it ruins the hair.

You've been out on Cozzens's piazza  
Too late, when the evenings were damp,  
When the moon-beams were silvering  
Cro'nest,  
And the lights were all out in the camp.  
You've rested on highly oiled stairways  
Too often, when sweet eyes were bright,

And somebody's ball dress—not Nellie's—  
Flowed 'round you in rivers of white.  
There's a reprobate looseness about you;  
Should I wear you to-night, I believe,



As I come with my bride from the altar,  
You'd laugh in your wicked old sleeve,  
When you felt there the tremulous pressure  
Of her hand, in its delicate glove,  
That is telling me shyly, but proudly,  
Her trust is as deep as her love.

So, go to your grave in the wardrobe,  
And furnish a feast for the moth,  
Nell's glove shall betray its sweet secrets  
To younger, more innocent cloth.

'Tis time to put on your successor—  
It's made in a fashion that's new;  
Old coat, I'm afraid it will never  
Sit as easily on me as you.

## PYROTECHNIC POLYGLOT.

(MADISON SQUARE, JULY 4.)

"HEY, Johnny McGinnis, where are yez?  
I've got a place! Arrah, be quick!" "Whiz! Boom!" "Hooray, there goes a rocket;  
Hi, Johnny, look out for the shtick!" "Confound it, sir! Those are my feet, sir!" "Oh, Pa, lift me up, I can't see."  
"Come down out o' that, yez young black-guards!  
Div yez want to be killin' the tree?" "Hooray! look at that!" "Aint it bully!" "It's stuck!" "No, it aint." "There she goes!" "I wish that you'd speak to this man, Fred, He's standing all over my toes."  
"Take down that umbrella in front there!" "My! aint we afraid of our hat!" "Me heart's fairly broke wid yez shovin'— Have done now—what would yez be at?" "Jehiel, neow haint this jest orful I 'most wish I hedn't a come; Such actions I never—one would think Folks left their perliteness to hum."  
"Look here, now, you schoost stop dose schovin'."

"By gar, den, get out from ze vay, You stupide Dootschmans, vilain cochon"— "Kreuz!"—"Peste!"—"Donnerwetter!"—"Sacr-r-re!" "Oh, isn't that cross just too lovely! So bright, why the light makes me wink!" "Your eyes, dear, are"—"don't be a goose, Fred; What do you suppose folks will think?" Crash! Screech! "Och, I'm kilt!"—"Fred, what is it?" "Branch broken—small boy come to grief."  
"Boo, hoo, hoo, hoo! I wants mine muzzer!" "Look out there!" "Police!" "Hi, stop thief!" "Well, father, I guess it's all over; Just help Nelly down off the stool."

### MORAL.

SUNG:—"Mellican pieceee fire bully!"  
CHING:—"Mellican man pieceee fool."

“YES, JACK, THERE WAS MY BRUNETTE.”

*Painted by Francis Day.*





FRANCIS DAY



## A LEGEND OF ST. VALENTINE.

COME! Why, halloo, that you, Jaek?  
How's the world been using you?  
Want your pipe? it's in the jar—  
Think I might be looking blue.  
Maud's been breaking off with me;  
Faet—see here—I've got the ring.  
That's the note she sent it in;  
Read it—soothing sort of thing.



"READ IT—SOOTHING SORT OF THING."

Jaek, you know I write sometimes—  
Must have read some things of mine.  
Well, I thought I'd just send Maud  
Something for a valentine.  
So I ground some verses out  
In the softest kind of style,  
Full of love, and that, you know—  
Bothered me an awful while;  
Quite a heavy piecee of work.  
So when I had got them done—  
Why I thought them much too good  
Just to waste that way on one.  
Jack, I told you, didn't I,

All about that black-eyed girl  
Up in Stratford—last July—  
Oh! you know; you saw her eurl?  
Well, old fellow, she's the one  
That this row is all about,  
For I sent her—who'd have thought  
Maud would ever find it out—  
Those same verses, word for word—  
Hang it, man! you needn't roar—  
"Splendid joke!" well, so I thought—  
No, don't think so any more.  
Yesterday, you know it rained,  
I'd been up late—at a ball—  
Didn't know what else to do—  
Went up and made Maud a call.  
Found some other girl there, too,  
They were playing a duet.  
"Fred, my cousin, Nelly Deane,"—  
Yes, Jaek, there was my brunette;  
You should just have seen me, Jack—  
Now, old fellow, please don't laugh,  
I feel bad about it—faet—  
And I really can't stand chaff.  
Well, I tried to talk to Maud;  
There was Nell, though, sitting by;  
Every now and then she'd laagh,  
Sure I can't imagine why.  
Maud would read that beastly poem,  
Nell's eyes said in just one glance,  
"Wont I make you pay for this,  
If I ever get the chance!"  
Some one came and rang the bell—  
Just a note for Nell, by post.  
Jack, I saw my monogram—  
I'd have rather seen a ghost.

Yes—her verses—I suppose  
 That her folks had sent them down—  
 Couldn't get up there, you know—  
 Till she'd left and come to town.  
 Nelly looked them quickly through—  
 Laughed—by Jove, I thought she'd  
 choke!  
 "Maud—he'll kill me—dear! oh, dear!"—  
 Read that; isn't it a joke?"  
 Maud glanced through them—sank right  
 down

On the sofa—hid her face—  
 "Crying!"—not much—laughing, Jack—  
 Don't think she's a hopeless case.  
 I just grabbed my hat and left—  
 Only wish I'd gone before.  
 How they laughed!—I heard them, Jack—  
 Till I got outside the door.  
 There, confession's done me good,  
 I can never win her back,  
 So I'll calmly let her slide—  
 Pass the ash-cup, will you, Jack?



## MATINAL MUSINGS.

TEN o'clock! Well, I'm sure I can't help it!  
 I'm up—go away from the door!  
 Now, children, I'll speak to your mother  
 If you pound there like that any more.

How tired I do feel!—Where's that  
 cushion?—  
 I don't want to move from this chair;  
 I wish Marie'd make her appearance!  
 I really *can't* do my own hair.

I wish I'd not danced quite so often—  
 I knew I'd feel tired! but it's hard  
 To refuse a magnificent dancer  
 If you have a place left on your card

I was silly to wear that green satin,  
 It's a shame that I've spotted it so—  
 All down the front breadth—it's just  
 ruined—  
 No trimming will hide that, I know.

That's me! Have a costume imported,  
And spoil it the very first night!—  
I might make an overskirt of it,  
That shade looks so lovely with white.

How horrid my eyes look! Good gracious!  
I hope that I didn't catch cold  
Sitting out on the stairs with Will Stacy;  
If Ma knew that, wouldn't she scold!

She says he's so fast—well, who isn't?—  
Dear! where is Marie?—how it rains!—  
I don't care; he's real nice and handsome,  
And his talk sounds as if he'd some  
brains.

I do wonder what *is* the reason,  
That good men are all like Joe Price,  
So poky, and stiff, and conceited,  
And fast ones are always so nice.

Just see how Joe acted last evening!  
He didn't come near me at all,  
Because I danced twice with Will Stacy  
That night at the Charity Ball.

I didn't care two pins to do it;  
But Joe said I mustn't,—and so—  
I just did—he isn't my master,  
Nor shant be, I'd like him to know.

I don't think he looked at me even,  
Though just to please him I wore  
green,—

And I'd saved him three elegant dances,—  
*I* wouldn't have acted so mean.

The way he went on with Nell Hadley;  
Dear me! just as if I would care!  
I'd like to see those two get married,  
They'd make a congenial pair!

I'm getting disgusted with parties;—  
I think I shall stop going out;  
What's the use of this fussing for people  
I don't care the least bit about.

*I did* think that Joe had some sense once;  
But, my, he's just like all the men!  
And the way that I've gone on about  
him,  
Just see if I do it again!

Only wait till the next time I see him,  
I'll pay him back; wont I be cool!  
I've a good mind to drop him completely—  
I'll—yes I will—go back to school.

The bell!—who can that be, I wonder!—  
Let's see—I declare! why, it's Joe!—  
How long they are keeping him waiting!  
Good gracious! why don't the girl go!—

Yes—say I'll be down in a minute—  
Quick, Marie, and do up my hair!—  
Not that bow—the green one—Joe likes  
it—  
How slow you are!—I'll pin it—there!

## AN AFTERTHOUGHT.

VINE leaves rustled, moon-beams shone,  
Summer breezes softly sighed;  
You and I were all alone  
In a kingdom fair and wide—  
You, a Queen, in all your pride,  
I, a vassal by your side.

Fairy voices in the leaves  
Ceaselessly were whispering:  
“ ‘Tis the time to garner sheaves—  
Let your heart its longing sing;  
Place upon her hand a ring,  
Then our Queen shall know her King.”

E'en the moonbeams seemed to learn  
Speech when they had kissed your face,  
Passing fair—my lips did yearn  
To be moonbeams for a space—  
“ Lo, ‘tis fitting time and place!  
Speak, and courage will find grace.”



“LOOK INTO HER FACE, AND KNOW  
THAT SHE IS A JEWEL RARE.”

But the night wind murmured low,  
Softly brushing back your hair,  
“Look into her face, and know  
That she is a jewel rare,  
Worthy of a monarch's heir;  
Who are you that you should dare!”

Hope died like a frost-touched flower;  
But through all the coming years,  
In that quiet evening hour,  
When the flowers are all in tears,  
When the heart hath hopes and fears,  
When the day-world disappears,—

If the vine leaves rustle low,  
If the moon shine on the sea,  
If the night wind softly blow,—  
Dreaming of what may not be,—  
Well I know that I shall see  
Your sweet eyes look down on me.

“THE DEBUTANTES ARE IN FORCE TO-NIGHT,  
SWEET AS THEIR ROSES, PURE AS TRUTH.”

*Painted by Francis Day.*





F. DAY



## THE MOTHERS OF THE SIRENS.

THE débutantes are in force to-night,  
Sweet as their roses, pure as truth;  
Dreams of beauty in clouds of tulle;  
Blushing, fair in their guileless youth.  
Flashing bright glances carelessly—  
Carclessly, think you! Wait and see  
How their sweetest smile is kept for him  
Whom "mother" considers a good *parti*.

For the matrons watch and guard them  
well—  
Little for youth or love care they;  
The man they seek is the man with gold,  
Though his heart be black, and his hair  
be gray.  
"Nellie, how could you treat him so!  
You know very well he is Goldmore's  
heir."  
"Jennie, look modest! Glance down and  
blush,—  
Here comes Papa with young Millionaire."

On a cold, gray rock, in Grecian seas,  
The sirens sit, and *their* glamour try—  
Warm white bosoms press harps of gold,  
The while Ulysses' ship sails by.  
Fair are the forms the sailors see,  
Sweet are the songs the sailors hear  
And—cool and wary, shrewd and old,  
The sirens' mothers are watching near,

Whispering counsel—"Fling back your  
hair,  
It hides your shoulder." "Don't sing  
so fast!"  
"Darling, don't look at that fair young  
man,  
Try that old fellow there by the mast,  
*His* arms are jewelled"—let it go!  
Too bitter all this for an idle rhyme;  
But sirens are kin of the gods, be sure,  
And change but little with lapses of  
time.

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## A ROMANCE OF THE SAW-DUST.

SUTHIN' to put in a story!  
I couldn't think of a thing,  
'N' it's nigh unto thirty year now  
Since fust I went in the ring.  
"The life excitin'?" Thunder!  
"Variety," did you say?  
You must have cur'us notions  
'Bout circuses, anyway.  
The things that look so risky  
Aint nothin' to us but biz.

"Accidents"—falls and such like?  
Sometimes, in course, there is.  
But it's only a slip, or a stumble,  
Some feller laid out flat,  
It don't take more'n a second;  
There aint no story in that.  
'N' like as not, the tumble  
Don't do no harm at all:  
There's one gal here—I tell yer,  
She got an awful fall.

You know her—Ma'am'selle Ida—  
 She's Jimmy Barnet's wife,  
 The prettiest little woman  
   You ever see in your life.  
 They was lovers when they was young uns,  
   No more'n two hands high.  
 She nussed Jim through a fever once,  
   When the doctors swore he'd die.



I taught 'em both the motions;  
 She never know'd no fear,  
 And they've done the trapeze together  
   For more'n a couple o' year.  
 Last Summer we took on a Spaniard,  
   A mis'rable kind of euss,  
 Spry feller—but awful tempered,  
   Always a-makin' a fuss.  
 He wanted to marry Ida—  
   His chanee was pretty slim,

He did his best, but bless yer,  
   She'd never go baek on Jim.  
 He acted up so foolish,  
   That Jim, one day, got riled  
     'N' guv him a reg'lar whalin';  
       That druv the Spaniard wild.  
 He talked like he was crazy,  
   'N' raved around, and swore  
 He'd kill 'em both; but Jim just laughed—  
   He'd heerd sueh talk before.  
 One day, when we was showin'  
   In a little country town,  
 Jim mashed his hand with a hatchet,  
   Drivin' a tent-stake down.  
 He couldn't work that night, nohow,  
   But the "trap" hed got to be done.  
 The Spaniard said he'd try it—  
   'N' they had to take him or none.  
 I knew Jim didn't like it,  
   'N' Ide looked seared and white—  
     "Look out for me, boys," she whispered,  
       "I'm goin' to fall to-night;"  
 Then she looked up with a shiver  
   At the trapeze swingin' there,  
 A couple of bars and a rope or two  
   Forty feet up in the air.  
 But up she clumb—he arter—  
   Stood up, but how Ide shook,  
 Then the Spaniard yelled like a devil,  
   "Now look, Jim Barnet!—look!"—  
 With that he jumped 'n' gripped her;  
   She fought, but he broke her hold,  
 Grabbed at the rope, 'n' missed it—  
   Off of the bar they rolled,  
 Clinehed, 'n' Ide a-screamin';  
   Thud!—they struck the ground;  
 I turned all sick and dizzy,  
   'N' everything went round.

How still it were for a second!—  
It seemed like an hour—'n' then  
The women was all a-screechin', .  
    'N' the ring was full of men.  
Poor Jim was stoopin' to lift her,  
    But flopped right down, 'n' said,  
Sez he, "Her lips is movin'!  
    She's breathin'!—She isn't dead!"  
For sure!—he'd fallen under;  
    It kinder broke her fall;  
Except the seare and a broken arm,  
    She wasn't hurt at all.

"The Spaniard?" Oh, it killed him;  
    It broke his cussed neck.  
But nobody cried their eyes out,  
    As near as I reekeleck.  
She married Jim soon arter,  
    They're doin' the trapeze still;  
So, yer see, as I was sayin',  
    These falls don't always kill.  
'N' as for things exeitin'  
    To put in a story,—well,  
I'd really like to oblige yer,  
    But then there aint nothin' to tell

## NOCTURNE.

SUMMER is over, and the leaves are fall-  
ing,  
Gold, fire-enamelled in the glowing sun;  
The sobbing pinetop, the eicada ealling  
Chime men to vesper-musing, day is  
done.

The fresh, green sod, in dead, dry leaves  
is hidden;  
They rustle very sadly in the breeze;  
Some breathing from the past comes, all  
unbidden,  
And in my heart stir withered memories.

Day fades away; the stars show in the  
azure,  
Bright with the glow of eyes that know  
not tears,  
Unehanged, unchangeable, like God's  
good pleasure,  
They smile and reek not of the weary  
years.



"SUMMER IS OVER, AND THE LEAVES ARE FALLING."

Men tell us that the stars it knows are  
leaving  
Our onward rolling globe, and in their  
place

New constellations rise—is death bereaving

Of their world than of ours; for here  
we seem

The old earth, too, of each familiar face?

Alone in haunted houses, and we wonder

Our loved ones leave us; so we all grow  
fonder

Which is the waking life, and which the dream.

"BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO SIT ON THE RAILING—  
YOU SEE THERE IS ONLY ONE CHAIR."

*Painted by Francis Day.*





THE DAY



## LAKE MAHOPAC—SATURDAY NIGHT.

"YES, I'm here, I suppose you're delighted: 'Seems years'—oh! of course—don't look  
You'd heard I was not coming down!  
spooney,  
Why, I've been here a week!—'rather  
It isn't becoming, you know.  
early'—  
I know, but it's horrid in town.

A Boston? Most certainly, thank you.  
This music is perfectly sweet;  
Of course I like dancing in Summer;  
It's warm, but I don't mind the heat.

The clumsy thing! Oh! how he hurt me!  
I really can't dance any more—  
Let's walk—see, they're forming a  
Lancers;  
These square dances are such a bore.

My cloak—oh! I really don't need it—  
Well, carry it,—so, in the folds—  
I hate it, but Ma made me bring it;  
She's frightened to death about colds.

This *is* rather cooler than dancing.  
They're lovely piazzas up here;  
Those lanterns look sweet in the bushes,  
It's lucky the night is so clear.

I am rather tired—in this corner?—  
Very well, if you like—I don't care—  
But you'll have to sit on the railing—  
You see there is only one chair.

'So long since you've seen me'—oh,  
ages!—  
Let's see, why it's ten days ago—



"THE NIGHT IS SO CLEAR."

How bright the stars seem to-night, don't  
they?  
What was it you said about eyes?  
How sweet!—why you must be a poet—  
One never can tell till he tries.

Why can't you be sensible, Harry?  
I don't like men's arms on my chair.  
Be still! if you don't stop this nonsense  
I'll get up and leave you;—so there!

Oh! please don't—I don't want to hear it—  
A boy like you talking of love.  
'My answer!'—Well, sir, you shall have  
it—  
Just wait till I get off my glove.

See that?—Well, you needn't look tragic,  
It's only a solitaire ring.—  
Of course I am ' proud of it '—very—  
It's rather an elegant thing.

Engaged!—yes—why, didn't you know it?  
I thought the news must have reached  
here—  
Why, the wedding will be in October—  
The ' happy man '—Charley LeClear.

Now don't blame me—I tried to stop you—  
But you *would* go on like a goose;

I'm sorry it happened—forget it—  
Don't think of it—don't—what's the use?

There's somebody coming—don't look so—  
Get up on the railing again—  
*Can't* you seem as if nothing had happened?  
I never saw such geese as men!

Ah, Charley, you've found me! A galop?  
The ' Bahn frei? ' Yes; take my bouquet—  
And my fan, if you will—now I'm ready—  
You'll excuse me, of course, Mr. Gray."

### AUTO-DA-FÉ.

(HE EXPLAINS.)

Oh, just burning up some old papers,  
They do make a good deal of smoke:  
That's right, Dolly, open the window;  
They'll blaze if you give them a poke.  
I've got a lot more in the closet;  
Just look at the dust! What a mess!  
Why, read it, of course, if you want to,  
It's only a letter, I guess.

(SHE READS.)

Just me, and my pipe, and the fire-light,  
Whose mystical circles of red  
Protect me alone with the shadows;  
The smoke-wreaths engarland my head;  
And the strains of a waltz, half forgotten,  
The favorite waltz of the year,  
Played softly by fairy musicians,  
Chime sweetly and low on my ear.

The smoke-cloud floats thickly around me,  
All perfumed and white, till it seems

A bride-veil magicians have woven  
To honor the bride of my dreams.  
Float on, dreamy waltz, through my  
fancies,  
My thoughts in your harmony twine!  
Draw near, phantom face, in your beauty,  
Look deep, phantom eyes, into mine.

Sweet lips—crimson buds half unfolded—  
Give breath to the exquisite voice,  
That, waking the strands of my being  
To melody, bids me rejoice.  
Dream, soul, till the world's dream is  
ended!  
Dream, heart, of your beautiful past!  
For dreaming is better than weeping,  
And all things but dreams at the last.

Change rules in the world of the wak-  
ing—  
Its laughter aye ends in a sigh;

Dreams only are changeless—immortal:  
A love-dream alone cannot die.  
Toil, fools! Sow your hopes in the furrows,  
Rich harvest of failure you'll reap;  
Life's riddle is read the most truly  
By men who but talk in their sleep.

I left in a state quite pathetic,  
And went home to scribble that rhyme.  
What a boy I was then with my dream-  
ing,  
And reading the riddle of life!



"THE SMOKE-WREATH IS ENGLAND MY HEAD."

(HE REMONSTRATES )

There, stop! That'll do—yes, I own it—  
But, dear, I was young then, you know.  
I wrote that before we were married;  
Let's see—why, it's ten years ago!  
You remember that night, at Drake's  
party,  
When you flirted with Dick all the time?

You gave a good guess at its meaning  
The night you said "Yes," little wife.  
One kiss for old times' sake, my Dolly—  
That didn't seem much like a dream.  
Holloa! something's wrong with the  
children!  
Those young ones do nothing but  
scream.

## ZWEI KÖNIGE AUF ORKADAL.

FROM THE GERMAN.



THERE sat two kings  
upon Orkadal,  
The torches flamed in  
the pillared hall.

The minstrel sings, the  
red wine glows,  
The two kings drink  
with gloomy brows.

Out spake the one,—  
“ Give me this girl,  
With her sea-blue eyes, and brow of  
pearl.”

The other answered in gloomy scorn,  
“ She’s mine, oh, brother!—my oath is  
sworn.”

No other word spake either king—  
In their golden sheaths the keen swords  
ring.

Together they pass from the lighted hall—  
Deep lies the snow by the castle-wall.

Steel-sparks and torch-sparks in showers  
fall—  
Two kings lie dead upon Orkadal.

“THE SUNBEAMS LIT HER GLEAMING HAIR  
WITH RIPPLING WAVES OF GOLDEN GLORY.”

*Painted by Francis Day.*





FRANIS



## CHIVALRIE.

UNDER the maple boughs we sat,  
Annie Leslie and I together;  
She was trimming her sea-side hat  
With leaves—we talked about the  
weather.

The sunbeams lit her gleaming hair  
With rippling waves of golden glory,  
And eyes of blue, and ringlets fair,  
Suggested many an ancient story  
Of fair-haired, blue-eyed maids of old,  
In durance held by grim magicians,

Of knights in armor rough with gold,  
Who rescued them from such positions.

Above, the heavens aglow with light,  
Beneath our feet the sleeping ocean,  
E'en as the sky my hope was bright,  
Deep as the sea was my devotion.

Her father's voice came through the  
wood,  
He'd made a fortune tanning leather;  
I was his clerk; I thought it good  
To keep on talking about the weather.



## REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM.

I HAD come from the city early  
. That Saturday afternoon;  
I sat with Beatrix under the trees  
In the mossy orchard; the golden bees  
Buzzed over clover-tops, pink and pearly;  
I was at peace, and inclined to spoon.

We were stopping awhile with mother,  
At the quiet country place  
Where first we'd met, one blossomy May,  
And fallen in love—so the dreamy day  
Brought to my memory many another  
In the happy time when I won her grace.

Days in the bright Spring weather,  
When the twisted, rough old tree  
Showered down apple-blooms, dainty and  
sweet,

That swung in her hair, and blushed at  
her feet;

Sweet was her face as we lingered together,  
And dainty the kisses my love gave me.

"Dear love, are you recalling  
The old days, too?" I said.  
Her sweet eyes filled, and with tender  
grace

She turned and rested her blushing face  
Against my shoulder; a sunbeam falling  
Through the leaves above us crowned  
her head.

And so I held her, trusting  
That none was by to see;  
A sad mistake—for low, but clear,  
This feminine comment reached my  
ear:  
"Married for ages—it's just disgusting—  
Such actions—and, Fred, they've got  
our tree!"

### PER ASPERA AD ASTRA.

A CANVAS-BACK duck, rarely roasted,  
between us,

A bottle of Chambertin, worthy of  
praise—

Less noble a wine at our age would bemean  
us—

A salad of celery *en mayonnaise*,  
With the oysters we've eaten, fresh, plump,  
and delicious,

Naught left of them now but a dream  
and the shells;

No better *souper e'en* Lucullus could wish  
us—

Why, even our waiter regards us as swells.

Your dress is a marvel, your jewels show  
finely,

Your friends in the circle all envied  
your box;

You say Lilli Lehman sang quite too  
divinely—

I know I can't lose on that last deal in  
stocks.

Without waits our footman to call for our  
carriage—

Gad, how he must hate us, out there in  
the cold!—

We rode in a hack on the day of our  
marriage,

Number two forty-six—I was rolling in  
gold,

For I'd quite fifty dollars; and don't you  
remember

We drove down to Taylor's—a long  
cherished dream:

How grandly I ordered—just think, in  
December!—



"YOUR FRIENDS IN THE CIRCLE ALL ENVIED YOUR BOX."

Some cake, and two plates of vanilla  
ice-cream.

And how we enjoyed it! Your glanee  
was the proudest

Among the proud beauties, your face  
the most fair;

I'm rather afraid, too, your laugh was the  
loudest;

I know we shoeked every one—we didn't  
care.

Now we'd care a great deal—with two  
sons at college,

And daughters just out, whose sneers  
make you wince,

We've tasted the fruit of Society's  
knowledge—

I don't think we've quite enjoyed  
anything since.

All through, dear? Now, *don't* wipe your  
mouth with the doily!

They're really not eareful at all with  
their wine;

It wasn't half warmed—the salad was oily—  
And I don't think the duck was remark-  
ably fine.

## THE LANGUAGE OF LOVE.

Oh! he was a student of mystic lore:  
And she was a soulful girl,  
All nerves and mind, of the cultured  
kind  
The paragon, pride, and pearl.

They loved with a neo-Concordie love,  
Woofed weirdly with wistful woe.  
They sat in a glen, remote from men,  
Their converse was high and low.

"What marvellous words of marvellous  
love  
Speak marvellous souls like these?"

I drew me nigh till their faintest sigh  
Was heard with the greatest ease.

"'Oo's 'ittle white lammy is 'oo?"  
breathed he:  
"'Oors, 'Oo's lovey-dovey is 'oo?  
"'Oors! 'Oors! Would 'oo k'y if dovey  
should die?"  
"No'p!—tause 'ittle lammy'd die too."

How truthful we poets! The "language  
of Love"  
Is a phrase we employ full oft;  
But whenever we do, we prefix thereto,  
You've noticed, the adjective "soft."

